

IF Mr. Eisenhower announces next week that he will not seek a second term as President, one of the strongest candidates for the Republican nomination will be Mr. Christian Herter, the Governor of Massachusetts.

If Mr. Eisenhower does decide to run again many moderate Republicans would like to see Governor Herter replace Mr. Nixon as Vice-President.

His career has been a suitable blend of the orthodox and the unusual. He was once Mr.



Mr. Christian Herter.

Herbert Hoover's secretary; and as a Congressman he was acknowledged as the prime expert in foreign affairs. But during his youth he worked for two years as co-editor of an intellectual review which gathered critical acclaim and a mounting deficit.

This quasi-Bohemian venture was in keeping with the family tradition. His grandfather made a million dollars in Boston and then retired to Paris to paint. His father did not wait to make a million before renting a Parisian studio.

In Search . . .

THE remark "Frank knows everybody" is often used by friends of Sir Frank Lee, the

short, bustling permanent secretary of the Board of Trade.

It is fortunate that this is largely true, for he is now tackling the formidable task of finding nine "persons having knowledge of or experience in industry, commerce, or public affairs" who will sit with five Judges on the Restrictive Practices Court that is to be set up when the Monopolies Bill becomes law.

Membership of this court is likely to be a full-time job for at least two years; and men of the highest repute must somehow be persuaded to undertake this onerous and possibly thankless duty.

. . . of Umpires

Sir Frank Lee's new role crowns an exceptionally varied career. In his youth he helped to administer the affairs of Nyasaland. In mature middle age he had the unenviable task of drafting the Steel Nationalisation Bill. Between times he has served in the Colonial Office, the Treasury and Ministry of Food, worked in Washington with Lord Brand, and supervised the distribution of Marshall Aid for this country.

His wife is an accomplished musician, but Sir Frank shows an even greater liking for the sound of bat striking ball. His free moments are often spent at Lord's, and he may be tempted to persuade some lay cricketer to act as an umpire for industry.

"Howzat?" . . . "Your restrictions are out."

Family Man

HAPPENING last year to meet Dmitri Shostakovich on one of his rare sorties from behind the Iron Curtain, I asked

him why he never came to London.

His reply was worthy of any diplomatist. "I'd like nothing better," he said. "But when you have a wife and four children, you know, it's not easy to get about."

But his works travel, even if he does not. His latest is the concerto which was played by Mr. David Oistrakh at the Royal Festival Hall last Thursday evening; and, having heard that it was one of the most formidable in the whole repertory of the violin, I went along to one of the four full rehearsals to see how Mr. Oistrakh and the orchestra were getting on.

Metamorphosis

In public, the great player's demeanour is intent to the point of grimness. But in the early forenoon, with the platform strewn with overshoes and an enormous wind-section to be coaxed through a hazardous first reading, Mr. Oistrakh presents himself in altogether more genial form.

"Forgive me," he would say in Russian to Mr. Maiko, the conductor, "but this phrase does not sit well in the orchestra. It must sit firmly, solidly. . . ." And he would either sing the passage in his own melodious baritone or draw from the violin an inspired synopsis of the composer's intention.

By a quarter to one the music was well set in its vertiginous course. "Da, da!" said Mr. Oistrakh, "Now it sits! Da!"

House of Wax

RARELY, I imagine, has Mr. Norman Hartnell, the Queen's couturier, had a stranger order than that for which a second fitting has just taken place.

The order is for eight new dresses for the Royal ladies in the Throne Room tableau at Madame Tussaud's. Normal Hartnell prices will be charged, for the commission has hazards which make it a severe test of the dressmaker's art. Tussaud's figures are as exact as photograph and measure-tape can make them; but clothes made to measure for flesh-and-blood do not hang correctly on a wax-work figure of identical proportions. For this reason Mr. Hartnell has insisted on a full series of fittings.

Outsider

NEXT Thursday is the birthday of one of the three greatest living artists: Oskar Kokoschka.

Although Kokoschka is a British citizen, has spent years here, and has enriched our understanding of London with one of the finest of his empyrean townscapes, he has never had any official recognition in this country. (It is Milan, not London, which is to pay him the compliment of a full-scale retrospective exhibition.)

The Stage's Loss

Kokoschka has never played safe, either in art or in life. It is the uniqueness of human beings which interests him, and has made him the unrivalled portraitist of people as different as Masaryk and Yvette Guilbert, Casals and Adèle Astaire.

With his strong dramatic sense, his gift for mimicry, and the flexible, spontaneous features of a great character-actor, he could have been the most dangerous of orators; but the principles with which he moves

his hearers (I have seen a large audience rise in acclamation and bear him bodily from the hall) are those of freedom, independence of judgment, and truth to oneself.

Charmed Life

THE publisher's "blurb" on Sir Edward Villiers's little book, "Help for the Asking," mentions several of the "miraculous" escapes that have marked his life. He is probably the only man to have fallen parachuteless nearly 4,000 feet from a breaking-up aeroplane, as he did during the first world war, and survived. He certainly would have been killed by tribesmen when shot down in hostile territory during the Afghan War of 1919, had not some British troops, by an extraordinary chance, been on the spot. And a decade later, when a Bengali terrorist en-

tered his room in Calcutta and shot him point-blank, one bullet misfired and another only wounded him.

Sang-froid

I can add to the tally another. If more prosaic, near-miss that occurred towards the end of the last war, "Ted" Villiers came to my London flat one day, and talk naturally turned at once to the flying bombs that had been falling in Central London, one of them not many minutes earlier. This had exploded, it turned out, on the roof of a building beside which Sir Edward was standing, hatless as usual—and in my drawing-room he combed some splinters of glass out of his hair.

Providence has spared him to write, in the intervals of poultry-breeding in Scotland, a book of religion without religiosity, the practical wisdom

of a man who has learnt to believe and to pray by the hard road of experience.

Sincerest Flattery

FIVE weeks ago, readers will remember, THE SUNDAY TIMES announced that, as an addition to their regular gramophone-record reviews, Felix Aprahamian and Iain Lang would select THE SUNDAY TIMES Records of the Month, in the fields of classical music and jazz respectively.

I thought this an excellent idea. So, too, evidently, did other people. On February 18 the "News Chronicle" announced that it would name its two records of the month. A feature of its plan was the award of gold medals at the end of the year—not, strangely enough, to the performers or composers, but to the recording companies, which seems to me rather like giving an Oscar to

an organ-grinder for his rendering of "O Sole Mio."

And now the "Daily Express" promises its readers a new interest in the "spinning gramophone disc."

Will any other ambitious papers please copy?

The Dresden Pictures

THE Dresden collection, one of the greatest in the world, is by a long way the last of its class to come out of hiding.

Several hundred of its pictures are now on view in the National Galerie in East Berlin; and I hear from two experienced English observers that there is in general no ground for anxiety about their condition. The catalogue, though summary, reveals by implication only one major casualty among the 154 which are said to have been destroyed in 1945. (Ironically enough, this is the gallery's only truly proletarian subject: Courbet's "Stone-Breakers.")

Active Service

Other old favourites are there in strength: the Sistine

"Madonna," the Giorgione "Sleeping Venus," the Vermeer, the Rembrandts and, most touching in this context, Bellotto's records of the unflawed Dresden of the 1750s and 1760s.

The reappearance of the pictures on German soil is, of course, a first-class propaganda opportunity, and one which has not been missed. Chug-chug go the special trains from Hanover and Halle. Chug-chug, too, the guide-lecturers with their message that "Now for the first time the Dresden



treasures are the property of the German people." There is, moreover, a considerable flow of visitors from the West.

Philatelists will welcome the set of finely-engraved stamps which has been produced to commemorate the exhibition. I owe the samples I reproduce to my colleague Antony Terry, who tells me that they are on sale "to collectors only."